

A
VINDICATION

O F

Mercurius Elencticus.

(alias)

W H A R T O N .

From the false aspersions of the
scandalous, abusive, and blasphemous
pen of

WILLIAM LILLY.

Our States Mountebanke, the
Parliaments Jugler, the naturall Astro-
logian, and the Devills owne
ASTRONOMER.

Not long since divulged in damnable black Rhe-
torik, printed and sent abroad in a sense-
lesse Booke; styled,

The late Story of Mr. WILL. LILLY.

Together,

With one word to an unknown Collonel, whom Lilly
feignes to be the Author of the said story; as
also another to the Wizzard himselfe.

*Written by Mercurius Melancholicus well-wisher to
the fraternity, and prosperity of the Mercuries.*

Printed in the Year, 1648.

VINDICATION

Harvard College Library

In memory of

Lionel Le Febvre

Class of 1915

June 13, 1932

WILLIAM LEECH

Our States, Mountebanks, the
Parliamentary Juggles, the natural history
logician, and the Devil's own
ASTRONOMER.

Not long since divulged in dandy black-
letter, printed and fast-bound in a hand-
some Book, styled,
The history of Mr. William Leech.

Together,
With one word to an unknown Colleague, whom I
feign to be the Author of the third story; as
also another to the Wizard himself.

Written by Mercurius Melancholicus with assist-
ance of the printer, and proof-reader of the Melancholicus.

Printed in the Year, 1648.



Vindication of *Mercurius Elencticus*

(*alias*)

W H A R T O N.



Because my weekly writing, is to no other intent or purpose, then to discover, and manifest the crimes of this nation, the knavery and fraud of the people therein, and the generality of the abominations committed in it. Thinke it not strange if I particularly lay open, and evidently proclaime to each

publique view the detestable guile, and politique inventions of that arch Wizzard *William Lilly*, with which hee seeks to cosen and delude the Common-wealth; as a thing unobservable, and as though no body tooke notice of him: For which I thought it not amisse to separate him by himselfe, and place him out of the rank of all honest; nay all manner of men in generall, as one not fit to accompany a Christian. For indeed had I but once beganne his odious name in my weekly sheet, I should hardly have writ any thing else, and besides should have infected my whole discourse with the meere apprehension of his villany. But not to trifle away too much time upon so soule a subject, and possesse my breast any longer then needs I must, with his hatefull conceits; I will come to the point or occasion of my publishing this paper.

Not long since my brother *Elencticus* in his second or third booke (if you bee remembred) makes mention of a notable fraudulent action, committed by this Wizzard *Lil-*

ly in betraying a Lady contrary to her will, and causing her to marry one far below her degree and quality, to the very much dishonour, both of her self and the whole family of the *Scroopes*, from which she descended, (but you must be sure to *Lilly's* great profit and advantage) and so indeed relates the whole story as it was acted (which I doubt not but you have already heard) therefore it is to no purpose for me to recite it) thereby to perform his duty, in informing the people of his base craftinesse, and subtille delusions.

Which hapned to the hands of th' foresaid Wizzard, that he thereupon grew very much troubled, that his perfidious knavery should be so openly discover'd, and apparently divulg'd to the whole world: And being through madnes ignorant (at the present) to invent any means to demonstrate his fury, remained very discontented along time, till at the last about two months after the relation, when it was almost forgotten, his black head bethought himself of this revenge, & so compos'd a subtille peece of nonsensical English, printed it in two sheets of paper, and guilds it over with a cloak of *Tb.* As thus, *To all Gentlemen Cavaliers of this kingdome, a Colomell Th. sends this discourse, &c.* when no such Col. *Molly* my life can be heard of, only a meer forgery of *Lilly's*. But yet he has another Title for the booke it selfe, which is *The true story of Mr. Will. Lilly &c.* Indeed it may well be fill'd so, tis a meer story, you may swear it is one of his owne penning; truly it is the quintessence, nay it is the very extract of Nonsense, the only natural character of Gossipry. Do but marke how hee begins (as it were) with a Narration of his detesting or abhorring himselfe and actions, though in a blind way, as from the mouth of the foresaid Col. (yet God knowes his owne words) and so proceeds in his folly, with an examination of the Gentleman, the Lady, and all parties whatsoever appertaining either to them or any else, whereby hee might know the truth concerning the said relation of *Elendient*. But presently cryes it down, avers it for falsehood, and certainly concludes with himselfe (but a satisfaction to no body else) that it is no such matter, only a meer fable, a scandal

dill reproachfully penned to bring an *Odium* upon his name, &c.

Thus this states grand Quack-salver flatters himself, and feeds his owne fancy, with meer delusions, thinking to purblind the eyes of the people with that abominable scarrulous Pamphlet, as his owne already are with gazing upon the Starres: but alas! he is much deceiv'd, all this will not serve; noe, nor can all his infernall black Art absterge, and cleanse his putrified name and actions from their manifold corruptions, and their merited infamy.

Look next how the Coxcombe, goes on, and presents a few Astrologically lines in the shade of a Letter from the said Col. but I cannot conceive any Cavalier invented it; for to speak the truth, it carries an excellent stile, in faith it is admirable Rhetoricall non-sense, *Excellentissimum et supermagnum profectus*, 'tis worthy admiration, I do not think but he divid'd the very bottome of his Father *Plato's* budget for it; for 'tis impossible his mossy pate should produce such a monstrous miraculous piece of Eloquence: well, it shall scape me narrowly, but that some time or other, when I have nothing else to do, I'll spend an houre or two to try if I can get it by heart, and so say it by rote, that I may carry it in my brain with me, up and down wheresoever I go: For indeed I intend not to oppress my pocket with it, unless it be to perform that necessary occasion, you know what I mean, for which *Lilly* himselfe is hardly good enough.

Surely, he thought the City had great need of wast Paper, else hee would never have infected the Presse with such a masse of ignorance: Truly 'tis pittie that such a large, long, tall, mighty Hobby-horse should have no more war; Lord! how the villain playes the Ass in the City, like a Fool in a Comedy, that once wrote a Letter to his Mistresse before her face, after seal'd it, so presented and read it to her upon the Stage, in the presence of the whole Multitude; just so hath this Idiot done, goes and writes a Letter, a most forgery, as from a Colonell, and directs it to himselfe, so answers it according to his owne discretion, and after dis-

vulged it to the vast world, I pray tell me, which act contained the more simplicity, and which of these two Idots was the greater fool? Truly 'tis a Question soon to be resolved, for 'tis a very easie matter to say *Lilly*, whom I judge to be the worse of the two, in that he is a very great, proper Hobgoblin, and one that more deserves, and better befits the place then any of his owne Art I know. Go, go *Lilly*, I am ashamed an Astrologer should commit and be guilty of such deformed actions: the very Boyes, could they but understand thy Eleganticall language, would point, and hoot at thee up and downe the streets; But *perge* (*Lilly*) *quid sequitur*? 'Tis very well; what? more nonsense yet? In faith, heer is such a heap of internall Ignorance, that my eyes never before beheld; I wonder where *Lilly* borrowed it: borrowed, there's a word indeed, truly you are mightily mistaken, it is his own invention, it as naturally flowes from the Conduit of his profound Brain, as doth clear water out of a Spring.

But you shall hear the sequent, which is an answer to his own Letter, which I mentioned before; I would have you read it (if you can) but I feare it will puzzle you: for indeed it dazled my eyes at the first beholding, it was so glazed over with impudence, and his brazen face had cast forth such a lustre upon each liue, that I could not have the patience to read it any more then once over, and truly thought that too much, for I could scarce tell how to pick sense out of it, but at length understood his meaning; where hee strives to possesse the people, that he acted nothing dishonestly, or to the prejudice of the afore-said Lady, in the least degree; with many such like subtile perswasions: But let him beleeve that will, for my owne part I know, *Eleuticus* to be (contrary to his false definition) an honest, discreet, moderate, wise Gentleman, one noe wayes guilty of what he imputeth to him, nor one whit meriting the intamous (though false) scandals with which this scurvy *Lilly* hath abused him, and that all who knowe him can testifie.

Well, Reader, I hope I am not too tedious in my writing, neither have I offended thy cares with my discourse,
truly

truly if I have, I crave thy pardon; if otherwise, I will yet intrude somewhat more upon thy patience, and tell but a very little more, and so conclude.

You know a Prophet's not without honor, except in own his country (truly a very good maxim) wherefore *Lilly* faith him selfe he's very much esteemed beyond the Seas (far enough off *England* you must thinke) As in *Italy*, *Venice*, *Paris*, and many other places, but I don't know where; yet this I'me sure, that for my part I never heard any of his own nation speak well of him. But it is no wonder, for as long as hee is praised, and esteemed so in the places aforesaid; what needs he be reputed here? I but, how can ye tell he is so regarded? How can I tell, marry, theres a question withall my heart, why, doth not hee say so himself? what greater testimony can you have? Indeed if you expect any other witness, I must entreat you to bee silent, or else e'ne goe seek one; for I conceive it to be a bottomlesse piece of businesse, and you may seach till Dooms-day and not find another, unlesse you meet with Collonell *Tb.* by chance; indeed I think it must be by the wheele of fortune; for if one went on purpose to look him, hee should find it as hard a task as ever he undertook in his life: I'de hardly (for *Lilly's* whole estate) be bound to weare one paire of shoes till I accomplisht it; for should I so engage my selfe, tis doubt in the fine I should be glad to run to the Wizzard, and get him to unmask himselfe, reassume the name, and metamorphise his rotten carcasse (as before) from a Round-headed juggler, a divelish Negromancer, and a vile Astronomer; to a Civill Cavalier, a Collonel, &c. which are very unfit (a Hangman rather would have better becom'd) and should I have faill'd of my hopes there, truly I feare, that I should continually wander'd like a Goose barefoot; but I intend not to run headlong into that labyrinth.

Therefore you must of necessity believe him, without you make a twelve-months journey on purpose, to goe into the said countreyes, and so know the truth; but I thinke it is as good fare that labour, as you should arrive there, to hear no better of him then you doe, or may imagine; this

is at London, that I believe what I suppose to be true, you believe what hee saies (if you can). I won't strive to diswade any from their good thoughts of him: for indeed I thinke, there are very few or none conjecture any at all.

What doe you thinke he saies next, The Cavaliers suppose of him? (as he reports) they esteeme him no lesse then a very wise man: But I must tell you, a meer Wizard, a Conjuror, a Sooth-sayer, a certain Sorcerer &c. by reason of his many predictions and prophesies, which they found (as hee saies) too true to their owne griefe, losse, and damage. Since now (Reader) thou hast heard the whole discourse from the beginning to this place, and may judge according to your mind, and because also you have read the opinion of the Cavaliers to the full: let me presume to ask you one question: What doe you conceive of this grand Idolater? doe you thinke he is a? or a? or both? or what (the Devil) doe you thinke he is? (Hah) Truly were I but aske this quest I would quickly in a word resolve it; but being there is no necessity for my seruice, I shut my tongue between my teeth, as I should for the present, and content it till wmore convenient opportunity, that I may then express my selfe the full, to the eternal infamy of his detestable, insolent, impudent, and brazen-faced name, till which I will only trouble you with one word to the unknowne Colmell, and another to base Lady his wife, and to our friend faithfull.

To him that we know, and be acquainted with the English name, that Lady she better be satisfied, and there needs no further speake here: but can any man tell me how I may distinguish knowledge? or of whom I may suppose to be possibly resolved about it? 'Tis a question to be looked into, & I doubt very much to be answered. Doe you heare friend, I say you told me you would not tell? can no body put in a word of comfort? if it were but a whisper in my ear, that I might be satisfied. He promise you He reveal it to no body, but I thinke there is no fear of that, for I shall scarce come to hear (my selfe) or let any one more in a word and I shall be content I will send this and try through the Kingdom, and there may be I shall find surely some body

dy else besides *Lilly* must needs know this lowly Collonel;
Gentlemen if you know him, I pray speak that I may not
continue in this extasie: what I are ye all mute? not one
word spoken? troath, I perceive here little hopes, not one
man among so many thousand so wise as *Lilly*? very strange,
and a meer paradox to me, that a man (and a Collonel too)
should live so obscurely: well, well, I see theres no good to
be done by this private inquisition, that to tell you the
plain truth, I am almost a weary, and neare out of heart to
proceed any further in my inquiry; nevertheless Ile do as
I said, and publish the Hue, and Cry I spake of, and if that
takes not effect, Ile conclude (*non est inventus*).

The Hue, and Cry.

If there be either man, woman, or child; in city, countrey,
or kingdome; that can bring or tell any tidings of a re-
proachfull, abusive, scandalous, detestable, odious, abhomi-
nable, wicked, insolent, damnable, impudent, prophane,
unjust, outrageous, railing, immodest, beggerly, vapouring,
hate-braind, frantick, despicable, mad, envious, villainous
coxcomb (Collonell I mean) I can give no other descrip-
tion of him than you have heard, only this; that hee walks
under the style of a civill Cavalier, and the two first letters
of his name be *Th.* thats all I can say; if therefore any of
the aforesaid know such a person, and where resident; or
can tell the residue of his name; let them repaire to *Mercuri-
us Melancholicus* living at the signe of the wooden-fry-
ing pan, neere hundred Alley in Fleetstreet: where they
shall be really entertain'd for their newes; and receive
what reward, or satisfaction they can get for their pains.

How now my hearts, how do ye like this? do ye thinke
it is not enough to find him out if he be above ground? un-
lesse *Lilly* hath vanisht him with a word, I'm sure tis, but
how should I know whether it prospers? He wait a little
while longer yet, before I speak to him, and if it fall not out
according to my expectation, Ile presume another enter-
prise, and ask *Lilly* himselfe, but Ile know this ungracious
fellowes name and habitation.

What I do newes yet? no body come to bring mee ty-
dings of his discovery? hee is certainly conceal'd in some

infernal cave, or run and hid his head in the remotest part of the earth for his safety: but what ever is betide him, I am fully resolved to know his name, if the Wizzard himselfe knowes it, and suddenly too (for I intend to bee breife) wherefore Ile try all the skill I have, and use what art I can invent to accomplish my designs. By the vertue of *Hocus pocus*, *Lilly*, Arise, and answer for thy selfe; wilt thou not? *Jubco*. What I not yet? so he *Mr. Lilly*, *Mr. Lilly*, I say once again *Surge*. No apparition yet? I see I am not a tright artist, yet me thinks I hear a noyse, what! *William Lilly*? you are very welcome, pray sit downe, I have have one question to ask you, and so have done, I'de very faigne know the Collonells name thou writ'st with *Th*. in thy late story, thats all my businesse, prethe resolve me; ha! what is it? how now, never a word? what! sticke mute? why *Lilly*, *Lilly*, what do you call him? — nothing at all, truly I think so.

*Behold the grand arch Wizzard Lillyes dumb,
Ana for himselfe can answer naught but mumm:
He's discontented, looks just like an Asse,
And's vext he can't invent a name, alas!*

Heet mightily d jected, &c. (vade Lilly)
Well seeing tis so I cannot hear of any name he has, Ile try my selfe to invent one for him.

One word to the Coll.
Collonel Thoboppe (truly tis a little too good) but how ever it shall serve; what! good man impudence, art thou a Gentleman, a Scholler, a Cavalier, and hast so brazen fac'tly, and intolently, abus'd all three; it is well thou hast no being, tis well thou livest I know not where, and art I know not what, tis well I say thy name is written so obscurely, else I had found thee long ere this, and bin revenged on thee for the wrong committed against my brother *Elenct*. well, He say no more to thee till I know thee better, then looke to thy selfe, but I think thou needst not fear.

Another to Lilly himselfe.
V Hy how now *William Lilly* I what's the matter?
That with the people thou thou seek'st to flatter?
It's cause thou're slander'd with a tale of truth?

Or is it for their welfare? No forsooth,
 So, I beleve thee, tell thy mind againe,
 Is't to deceive them only? & tell us plain,
 Is it because thou'rt almost out of favour
 With all goodmen? or for thy mis-behaviour.
 Tell me the reasons moved thee to write
 This sencelesse booke: was't for to vent thy spite
 'Gainst him that publish't thy deformities?
 And so to faine the lines he's written, lyes:
 Was't to that purpose? 'twill not serve thy turn,
 Alas! 'tis nothing, for the booke Ile burn:
 Was it for this, that thou desirest thy name
 Should be dispers'd abroad? Tush Ile proclaim
 That oft enough: was't lastly for the wit,
 And eloquence, that is contain'd in it,
 That thou hast thus divulg'd it? I dare sweare,
 For that in chiefe, 'twill be esteemed rare.
 What was't then for? was't only to abuse
 One honest man there? I know my name
 Hath found it out, for which shee'l vent her spleen,
 And make the wiser (perhaps) it neere had been.
 Fie, out upon thee, for I much admire
 Thy haughty mind should to this height aspire;
 How couldst write such a piece of impudence?
 Empty of wit or reason, void of sence,
 Free from all honesty, full of sedition,
 Not any one thing in't makes apparition
 Of ought that's truth: 'tis soallly compil'd
 Of scandalls, wrongs, abuses, words more vild
 Then I can well expresse; 'tis vildly written
 In such a stile as though it were best
 Away, it stinks; I much abhorre the thought,
 Of its base line, and him by whom vild words
 But yet I will so much abuse my pen
 As write the baseness of (thee) worst of men;
 Why hast thou so divulg'd than puny Eise
 Thy baselesse lyes abroad, was'te thy selfe
 Did it alone? or was't the instigation,
 Of thy grand Daddy Pluto caus'd thy passion,
 'Twas he that wrought this folly in thy braine,

Which now thou hast ejected, but in vaine.
 Not all thy black infernall Magick spells,
 Fetcht from Gethisim, where the devill dwells,
 Not all thy Figures, Charactors, or harts
 Of deep Astronomy, nor any part
 Contain'd in thee, nor yet thy cap and staffe,
 Or ought thou hast else, shall but make us laugh;
 Not thy delusive words, nor one of these,
 Or thy familiar Adephostophiles,
 Shall ought availe thee for the people know
 Thee very well, not so beleieve thee so,
 'Tis better that against another season
 Thou shouldest write a line that might haue sent of reason;
 But that thou canst not do, monstrous Wizard
 Tha: lookst as though thou worest the devils wizard:
 Thou great hobgoblin, and the only imp
 Of mighty Lucifer, helles chiefeest pimp,
 Thou Mountebank, thou jangler, fole Magician,
 Thou Nigromancer, our States Politician,
 Thou scare-crow, bug-bear, hobby-horse, thou sot,
 Thou cunning, crafty fellow, and what not in bank
 Thou Astrologian, false Astronomy,
 Depart my thoughts, vade celeriter
 I me next I have bestow'd my pen and inke
 On such a subject, to produce a stink
 Throughtout my Booke: but surge once before
 Thou goest, that I may speak and say no more,
 Now I have done, only let me advise
 Thee, not to write of ought beneath the skie,
 And as thou art a civil Cavalier
 Keep thee within the compasse of thy speare
 And not transgresse again, as thou hast done,
 And so thy selfe in further danger run.
 Use my directions, and in time repent
 Of this wick which thou'st wrong'd the innocent;
 Doe aske forgiveness for thy faults committed,
 That thou according to it mayst be pitied,
 So I my selfe will be, if thou'lt do thus,
 Thy friend Mercurius Melancholicus.

